

*The History of*

Cousin, on wednesday next our counsell we will hold  
At windsor, so informe the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speede to vs againe,  
For more is to be said and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

*West.* I will my Liege

*Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Fals.* Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat witted with drinking of old sacke,  
and vbuttoning thee after supper, & sleeping vpon benches  
after noone; that thou hast forgotten to demaund that truly  
which thou wouldest truly know. What a deuill hast thou to  
doe with the time of the day? vnlesse houres were cups of sack,  
and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and  
Dialles the signes of leaping houses, and the blessed sunn him-  
selfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I see no rea-  
son why thou shouldest be superfluous to demaunde the time  
of the day.

*Fals.* Indeepe you come nere mee now *Hal*, for we that take  
purfes, go by the moone & the seven stars, and not by *Phaebus*,  
he, that wandring knight so faire: & I prethee sweet wag, when  
thou art King, as God saue thy grace; maiesty I should say, for  
grace thou wilt haue none.

*Prince.* What none?

*Fals.* No by my troth, not so much as will serue to bee pro-  
logue to an egge and butter.

*Prince.* Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

*Fals.* Mary then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs  
that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the  
dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianas* terresters, Gentlemen of the  
shade; minions of the Moone, and let men say, wee bee men of  
good gouernment, being gouerned as the sea is, by our noble  
and chaste mistress the moone, vnder whose countenance wee  
steale.

*Prince.* Thou sayest wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune  
of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the sea,  
being gouerned as the sea is by the moone, as for prooffe. Now  
a purse

*Henry the fourth.*

a purse of golde most resolutely inacht on Munday  
most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning, got with  
lay by, & spent with crying, bring in: now in as low  
the foote of the ladder, & by & by in as high a flow  
of the gallowses.

*Fals.* By the Lord thou saiest true lad, and is not m  
of the tauerne a most sweet wench?

*Prin.* As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the cast  
a buffeierkin a most sweet robe of durance?

*Fals.* How now, how now mad wagge, what, in  
and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to do with  
kin?

*Prince.* Why what a poxe haue I to do with my  
the tauerne?

*Fals.* Well, thou hast cald her to a reckoning ma  
and oft.

*Prince.* Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fals.* No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al

*Prin.* Yea and else where, so far as my coine would  
and where it would not, I haue vsed my credit.

*Fals.* Yea, and so vsde it, that were it not here app  
thou art heire apparant. But I prethee sweet wag, sh  
gallows standing in England when thou art King?  
on thus subd as it is with the rusty curb of old father  
law: do not thou when thou art a King hang a thee

*Prin.* No, thou shalt.

*Fals.* Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iu

*Prin.* Thou iudgest false already. I meane thou sh  
the hanging of the theeues, and so become a rare h

*Fals.* Well *Hal*, well, and in some sort it iumpes w  
mor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tel you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of futes?

*Fals.* Yea, for obtaining of futes, whereof the hang  
no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as malancholy as a g  
a lugd Beare.

*Prince.* Or an old Lion, or a Louers lute.

*Fals.* Yea or the drone of a Lincons shirs bagpipe.

*Prince.* What saiest thou to a Hare, or the mal

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